



JOHN  
LAGATTA

RARE FORM



"As Wind along the Waste,  
I know not Whither,  
willy-nilly blowing." —OMAR

**OMAR**  
TURKISH BLEND  
CIGARETTES

In the picturesque vilayets and sanjaks of the Turkish Empire the most deliciously aromatic tobaccos in the world are grown. This precious Turkish leaf selected there by our own experts is shipped overseas in golden bales to unite its Oriental richness with the sparkle and snap of America's finest cigarette tobacco in the wondrous OMAR blend.

This is the secret of OMAR'S remarkable success—it combines *all* the delightful qualities of the choicest types of Turkish and domestic leaf, affording a new and greater enjoyment to smokers of all-Turkish and blended cigarettes. No other cigarette has the sparkling flavor, attractive smoothness and thorough relish of OMAR, the Unique.

**20 for 15c**

ADVT

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY.

Born 1820  
—Still going strong.



1st Yachtsman: "JOVE! THAT BOAT OUGHT TO BE CALLED 'JOHNNIE WALKER'!"

2nd Yachtsman: "WHY, BECAUSE IT'S NON-FILLABLE?"

1st Yachtsman: "NO, BECAUSE OF ITS TREMENDOUS 'BOOM' AND 'SAIL.'"

The "boom" in "Johnnie Walker" came when it was protected by the non-refillable bottles. But its immense sale has been a steady growth since 1820. Fast as "Johnnie Walker" sales are forging ahead, it is not so fast as have been its steady increase of reserve stocks held in bond to ensure its unvarying quality.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label in a non-refillable bottle is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

**Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.**

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.





ALBERT  
LEVERING

### *When You Obey That Impulse*

What this gentleman has done anybody with determination can do if he first makes up his mind that it is really worth while to spend real money and become a regular subscriber to

*Life*

### *Remember*

that we do not urge you to avail yourself of our special offer to become a regular subscriber. (See the atrocious coupon opposite, which the business office has forced upon us again.) No, we do not urge you. We merely appeal to your intelligence, your sense of duty and your patriotism.

LIFE is for sale at all news-stands for ten cents. If your dealer is out of it, let us know.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04.)



# FISK TIRES

**Reduce Your Cost  
of Motoring**

*Buy Fisk Non-Skid Tires*

*With Fisk Service*

*At Fisk Low Prices*

**W**E do not have to defend the *quality* of the *Fisk Non-Skid* at *Fisk Low Prices*—it speaks for itself in the hands of thousands of satisfied users.

More satisfactory tires than Fisk are not built, and *true Fisk Quality* never meant so much to the possible tire user as it does today.

To the best tires we have ever built, at the lowest prices we have ever charged, *add* the most helpful service that our remarkable organization has ever been able to produce, and you have the three big reasons for becoming acquainted with Fisk *right now!* We serve car owners cheerfully, at all Fisk Branches, regardless of the make of tire used.

## *Fisk Non-Skid Casing Prices*

3½ x 30 - - 12.20	4½ x 34 - - 27.30
4 x 33 - - 20.00	4½ x 36 - - 28.70
4 x 34 - - 20.35	5 x 37 - - 33.90

*Fisk Plain Tread prices are  
5% lower than Non-Skids*

Tourists should send for a list of Fisk Branch addresses and plan to take advantage of our Service even though they may not use Fisk Tires.



## THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in ALL Principal Cities

# Leader Then, Leader Now



Reproduced from  
The Saturday Evening Post

**T**HIS is a reproduction of the first advertisement of a popular-priced light-weight six; a six weighing less than 3000 pounds and selling for less than \$2000. It sounded the opening of a new era in the automobile industry, the Era of Light Sixes. It announced the new Chandler at \$1785. It announced a car destined to become quickly recognized as one of America's really great automobiles.

Exhibited in Chicago at the time of the Automobile Show, February, 1913, Chandler pioneered the way for light-six domination in public popularity. And Chandler pioneered with a car so *good*, so *right*, that—notwithstanding the influx of other light-sixes that soon rushed into the market—we have maintained Chandler leadership with this model and grown to a production of Ten Thousand cars for this year. And *now*—

## CHANDLER SIX \$1295

Standing pat on this model, as far as all its essential features of design and construction are concerned, devoting to it all the Chandler mechanical genius, refining it and beautifying it and adding to it always the newest features of equipment, we have been enabled to make extraordinary price reductions from season to season and still give greater value.

From \$1785 this price last year went down to \$1595. And this year down to \$1295.

No other car of like size and character has caught up with the Chandler price.

### No Other Car for Less than \$2000 Gives You All These Features

Bosch magneto and Bosch spark plugs; Gray & Davis electric generator and Gray & Davis electric starting motor; Rayfield double-jet carburetor; genuine Mayo Mercedes type radiator; cast aluminum motor base extending from frame to frame; three silent and enclosed chains for driving motor shafts; imported annular ball bearings; silent worm-bevel rear axle; auxiliary seats in tonneau of touring car are instantly adjustable and fold away entirely out of sight in back of front seat; genuine hand-buffed leather upholstery; Stewart vacuum gasoline feed; Golde patent one-man top, covered with genuine Neverleek; Jiffy curtains; Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer; Firestone demountable rims; complete incidental equipment; and the

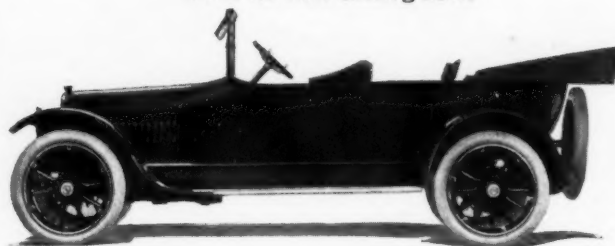
*Marvelous Chandler Motor!*

In practical effect, Chandler offers you a \$1785 car for \$1295. And we ask you to try to match its value in cars that sell for hundreds more.

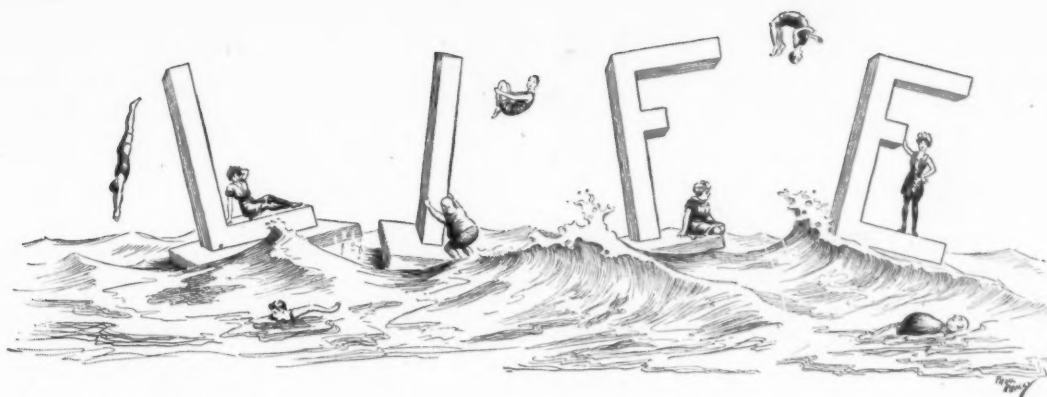
Look them all over, all the well known makes. Study them carefully. Compare them part by part with the Chandler. Compare them with the Chandler for comfort and power and snap and finish and style. Then you will realize how much it means to *you* as a purchaser that the Chandler was right in the *first place* and that the Chandler manufacturing policy has been a policy of devotion to this *one model*.

### Seven Passenger Touring Car or Handsome Roadster, \$1295

See the Chandler at your dealer's without delay, or write for new catalog now.



**CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 708-738 E. 131st St., Cleveland, Ohio**  
New York City Office: 1890 Broadway. Cable Address: Chanmotor.



### Modern Martyrdom

*(Or Some Things That We Cannot Always Help.)*

**P**LAYING golf with the wife of your intimate friend, who, having been called away, has asked her to take his place.

Traveling out to the Pacific Coast with another friend

who has developed the fatal disease of talking about his own business to others, with all the details, and with whom you are unexpectedly thrown on the second day out.

Falling in love with the wife of the man whom, after infinite diplomacy, you have just persuaded to put twenty-five thousand dollars into your business at a critical time.



*The Bride:* I HATE HAVING TO THANK THOSE HORRID SMITHS FOR THAT AWFUL TEA SET. IT SEEMS SINFUL TO LIE FOR THE SAKE OF PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1914, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$150,987.58 and has given a fortnight in the country to 36,767 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$4,286.63
C. T. G.	10.00
C. A. H. R.	10.00
Harriet Hunter Ledgwick	7.86
Mr. Somebody	.50
Mr. No Name	.25
Miss H. N. Murphy, Directress of	
Presentation Day Nursery	5.00
John Doe	5.00
H. L. E.	10.00
J. W., Cincinnati	10.00
In memory of M. A. W. and	
M. B. W.	10.00
William H. Briggs	10.00
W. H. D. S.	10.00
M. Y. H.	5.00
Marion B. Inman	5.00
"In memory of C. F. C."	5.00
Little Fred and Burr Keeler	5.00
"In loving memory of F. S. D"	6.00
Mrs. J. A. Swan	25.00
C. B. T.	5.00
"In memory of Junior"	5.71
"From Dick and John Speer"	11.42
Gerald Clark Kling	10.00
Anonymous	5.00
Bertha S. Hoag	5.00
In memory of Marian	50.00
John Roger	25.00
C. W. Van Law	50.00

\$4,593.37

### A Toast To Women

(By Our Regular Expert Misogynist.)

HERE'S to unlovely woman, first in war, first in prattle and first in the pocketbooks of her countryman; whose nervous system dominates her intellect, whose character is determined by expediency, whose word is a jest.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM  
SYMPATHY



POPULAR BECAUSE HE KNOWS THE THINGS THEY REALLY WANT TO HEAR

### The Morning Session

"NOW, children, remember that the navy is the greatest school in the world, and I am the greatest school-teacher. Johnnie Jones, you may tell us what a battleship is."

JOHNNIE JONES: A battleship is—er—is—er—a ship made of scrap iron, goes from sixteen to twenty-two miles an hour and is used as a stake boat by the battleships of other nations. It is also blown up by submarines.

"Splendid! I had no idea you were so bright. Now Willie Peters may tell us what a submarine is."

WILLIE PETERS: A submarine is an iron monster that sinks beneath the level of the waves and sometimes comes up.

"And what happens to it when it doesn't come up?"

"That's a way it has so that everybody can know it belongs to the great American navy."

"Fine! Now, Bobby Buntline, tell us what a torpedo is."

BOBBY BUNTLINE: Please, teacher, can I have a bottle of grape-juice, so's I can talk as if I knew it all?

"Certainly, Bobby. But what makes you think it will have that effect?"

"Because, teacher, I've seen you drinking it. . . . A torpedo is—a torpedo is—say, teacher, did you ever see a torpedo?"

"Now, Bobby, you mustn't be so inquisitive. It is not necessary for me to see or know anything about torpedoes, because I am only the head of the navy, but you may be called upon some day to defend your country, and then you really ought to know what a torpedo is."

BOBBY: But I do know, teacher.

"Well, then, what is a torpedo?"

"A torpedo is a cigar-shaped instrument that cannot be made in this country until a year or so after it is needed."

"Why is that, Bobby?"

"I don't know, teacher, but I guess it is because we spend our time talking about it while the enemy is blowing us little boys and girls on the merchant ships up in the air. Say, teacher—"

"What is it, Bobby?"

"Why don't you resign?"

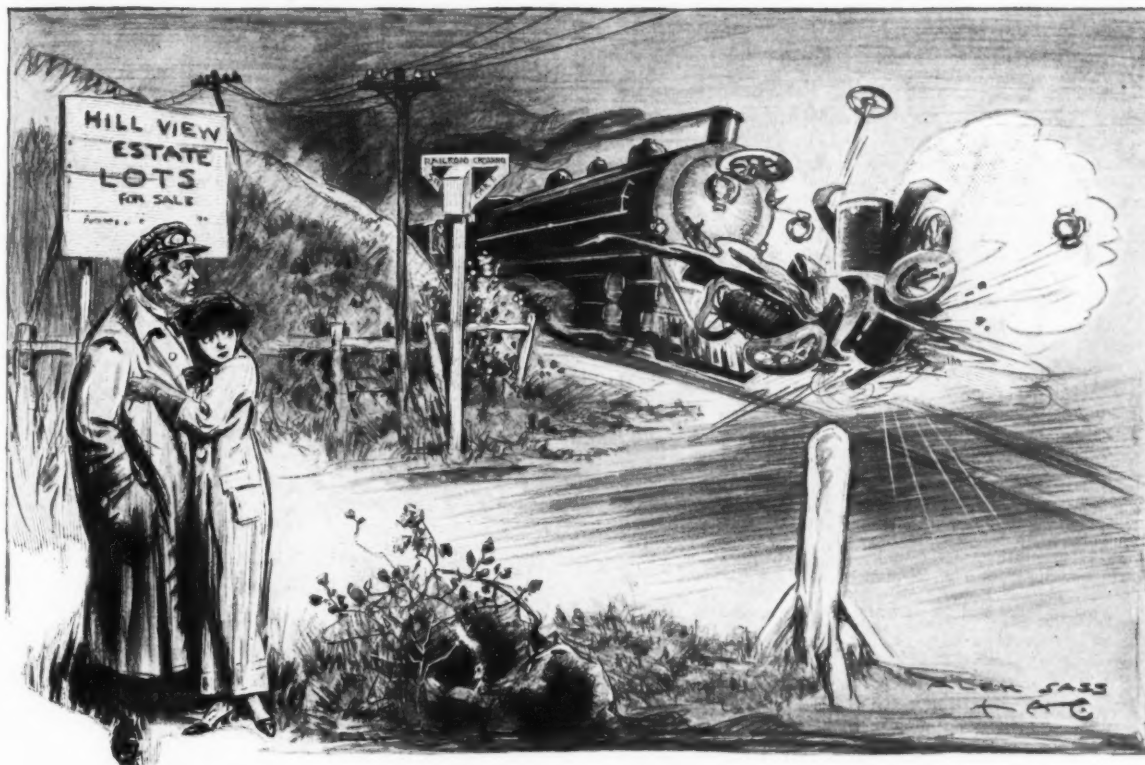
"Um! The class will now take a recess. Bobby, you will stay after school and copy the sentence 'Josephus Forever' fifty times."

### Correct Definition

TEACHER: Johnny, what is a neutral?

JOHNNY: Please, ma'am, it's a person what gets blowed up.

# · LIFE ·

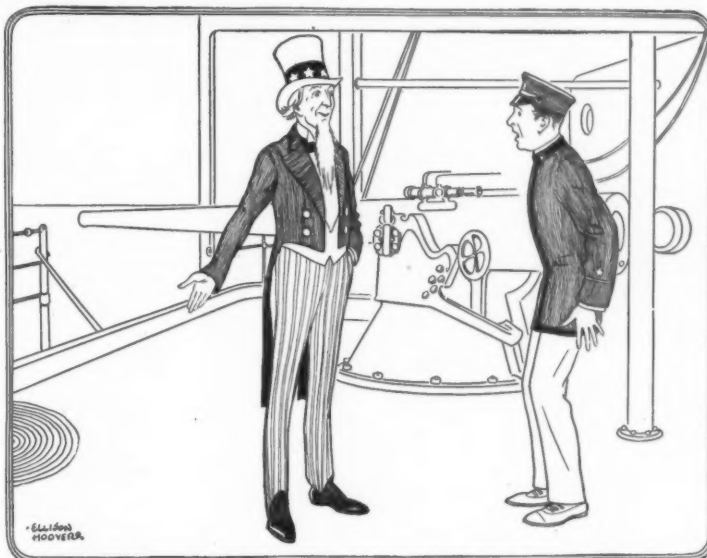


*Optimistic Owner:* DO YOU KNOW, ISABEL, SOMEHOW THAT CAR NEVER WAS QUITE SATISFACTORY

## Spell It!

Salt Lake, Utah.  
 Everglades, Florida.  
 El Capitan, Yosemite.  
 Abattoirs, Chicago.  
 Mammoth Cave.  
 Executive Mansion, Washington.  
 Roosevelt Dam, Arizona.  
 Independence Hall, Philadelphia.  
 Cañon of the Colorado.  
 Agate forest, Arizona.  
 Falls of Niagara.  
 Indian mounds, Ohio.  
 Redwood trees, California.  
 Sky-scrappers, New York.  
 Texas.

*Amos R. Wells.*



*Officer:* SIR, WE HAVE NO AMMUNITION.

*Sam:* THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THE ENEMY'S GUNS SHOOT TWICE AS FAR AS OURS, SO WHAT'S THE USE OF AMMUNITION?

## Tumulty and Rome

OUR good friend a Protestant missionary in South America thinks that some sentiments about the Roman Catholic Church lately expressed in LIFE are hardly stiff enough. He says in part:

About the confessional. It is very closely united to the temporal-power talk always. Well, why? Take a case. President Wilson says that Tumulty is his private secretary and it's nobody's business what his religion is. Now, suppose Tumulty is left with all the care of all of President Wilson's correspondence, and is even left to take care of things while Wilson is not in Washington some time—President *pro tem*, as it were. Suppose Tumulty is a good Catholic and a Knight of Columbus who wants to make America Catholic. Is he a Jesuit? Well, *quien sabe?* If he is a good Catholic we will suppose he confesses. Suppose he believes that he must confess everything. Suppose that he and the priest to whom he confesses have sworn allegiance to Rome, and that Rome claims power over every body and thing on earth. For whom will Tumulty and the priest use what he knows?

It is a pleasure to answer this inquiry. Tumulty will use what he knows for Wilson, Tumulty, the Democratic party and the people of the



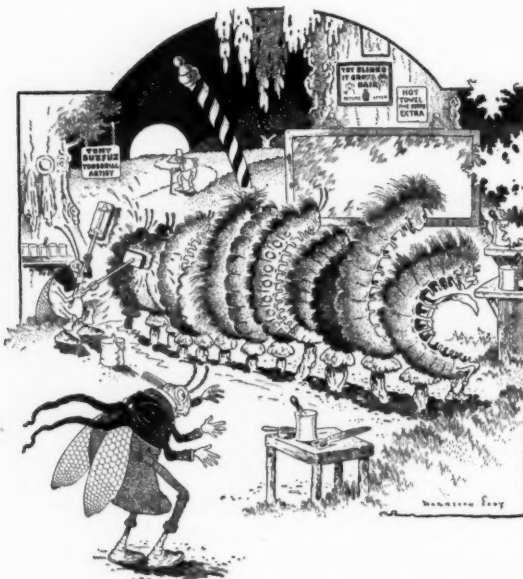
"OH, LISTEN TO HIM, JOE! HE LOOKS KIN O' RESPECTABLE, TOO"

United States. The priest won't know anything about the President's correspondence. Tumulty won't tell. If Tumulty goes to confession he will merely confess for Tumulty, not for Wilson. If he should form a habit of confessing for Wilson he would lose his job.

Our friend inquires if Tumulty is a Jesuit. Presumably not. He seems to be a layman, and Jesuits, as we understand it, are usually priests. Anyhow, they are celibates. Tumulty is credited with a wife and lively young family, which would embarrass a Jesuit. Of course, they may be faked for political or religious purposes, but that is not likely.

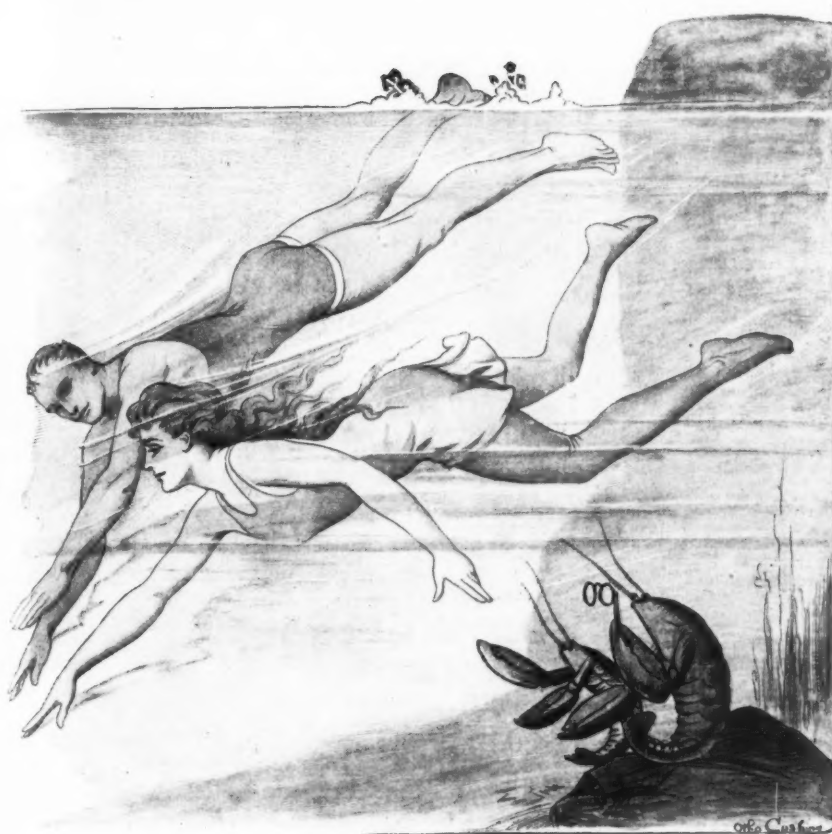
As to the suppositions in which our missionary brother writes us to participate, we can only join him in part. It is supposable that Tumulty is a "good Catholic" and "confesses," but not that he believes he must confess everything he knows or has "sworn allegiance to Rome." Tumulty lives in New Jersey, doesn't he? Why, then, should he swear allegiance to Rome? What does Rome want of him, or he, a Jersey man, of Rome?

Our friend should make a distinction between what "Rome" claims and what it gets. Its claims may be as he says. We understand that, having accumulated for a thousand years or more, they cover most of what is in sight, but most of them are only a kind of stage furniture and antiques not intended nowadays for actual use. Do you suppose, brother, that chaps like Tumulty really want the Pope to govern the earth, including these ever-glorious



Barber: WHEW! A DOZEN CUSTOMERS ALL AT ONCE AND EVERY ONE OF THEM CALLING FOR A SHAMPOO!





*Little Lobster:* OH, MAMMA, WHAT BEAUTIFUL FISH!  
"BEWARE OF THEM, EDMUND. THEY ARE DANGEROUS ANIMALS."

States? Go chase yourself, dear man; nothing of the kind! The Tumultys no more wish the Pope to rule the world than you want the Presbyterian Board to rule it. You don't, do you? Isn't Dr. Wilson as much of the Presbyterian Church as you would care to have govern this country at this time? Isn't the present Cabinet just as nearly a Presbyterian Board as you could bear? Surely! You may bet your next month's salary that that is just about the way the Tumultys feel about the Roman Catholic Church. Don't imagine that they are over-eager to put it *über alles*. They want to say their prayers the way they are used to; but beyond that, how much? Are they happier in countries where there are more Catholics? Are they better prospered in those countries?

You see, brother, the Pope to the Tumultys is a habit of mind, like the Board to you. You were raised to regard the Board, they to regard the Pope. But you and Tumulty both have other habits—allegiance to Uncle Sam, respect for the police, obedience to your family's true head—and just as your Board habit has to accommodate itself to all these other habits, so likewise is it with his Rome habit.

Dear Presbyterian brother, there surely are some bats in your reverend belfry. You should try to get them out, so that you can think more in accordance with actualities and see men more as they are. Tumulty, so far as you know or as we know, is a decent, upright man, from whom the same sort of behavior is to be ex-

pected as from any upright Presbyterian. But here you are suggesting that he must be a sneaking rascal because he is a Roman Catholic. Cleanse yourself, brother, of such attitudes of mind. They are not sound and certainly not worthy of you. E. S. M.

### A Camp To Train Officers

THE instigators of the training camp at Plattsburg Barracks hope to get a thousand recruits for the military summer-school course they offer. The course begins August 10th and ends September 6th. Its aim is to train officers. It hopes to teach civilians enough about an officer's duties to make them appreciably more capable than ordinary green hands to be second lieutenants in an emergency army.

Young men who take the time and trouble to go to this training camp may at least be confident that their pains will be taken for a well-selected purpose. Competent officers are what is most needed for a new army. They cannot be made overnight, and without them raw troops cannot be licked into shape. A month's training will not go far to make an officer, but as far as it goes it is energy applied at the right point.

THE SCANDAL-MONGER is the submarine of the human race.



"WHAT KIND OF A CAR ARE YOU GOING TO BUY?"

"THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND I CAN AFFORD."



ANOTHER AIR RAID ON A DEFENSELESS COAST

### Multiple Personality

**H**OW goes the doctrine of dual personality? We used to hear a great deal about it, but of late it seems to have disappeared from its accustomed haunts. This is disappointing. Something unforeseen must have happened, for with the excellent start dual personality had it ought to have been firmly established by now, so that we could dismiss it from our minds and go on talking about triple personality, quadruple, quintuple and sextuple personality up to the nthuple personality and beyond.

If dual personality has gone into retirement we trust it is only temporary, because such harmless forms of insanity are absolutely demanded by the exigencies of present-day conversational repertoires.

### If Doctors Advertised

**I**N twenty minutes I can convince you that you have a large number of diseases, the names of which you have never even heard. Try a sample scare call.—J. Blowpuff Morgue, M.D.

Having spent years in performing useless operations for practice, I will guarantee to remove any of your internal organs quicker than any other surgeon in town. Remember that you will have to be operated upon by some one sooner or later. Why not have it done at once? Terms cash in advance.—Bloodseeker Stabsmaill, S.S.S., M.D.

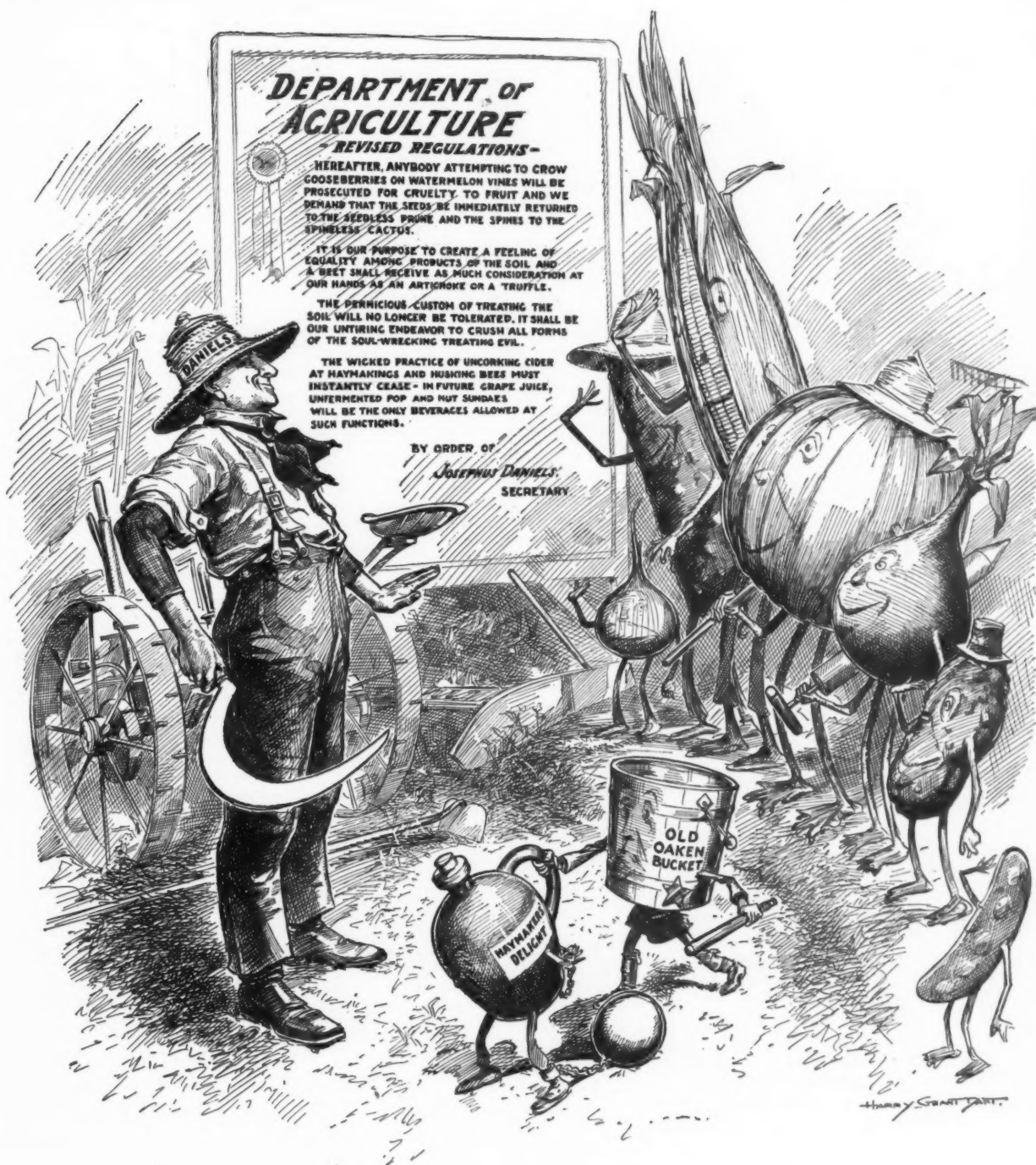
**F**ROST: It cost me seventy-five dollars for the week-end.

**S**now: Entertaining friends, weren't you?

**F**ROST: Great Scott, no! Being entertained.



"HE WON'T DO IT ANY HARM, MISTER. HE CAN'T SMELL VERY HARD, 'COS HE'S GOT A COLD"



IF HE MUST REMAIN IN THE CABINET, WHY NOT PUT HIM AT SOMETHING HE UNDERSTANDS?





# LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

(Each story printed under the above heading is a candidate for the \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 prizes offered by LIFE in answer to the question: *How short can a short story be and still be a short story?* The stories accepted will appear regularly under the heading "LIFE's Short Story Contest" until October and are paid for upon acceptance at the rate of ten cents a word for every word up to 1,500 which the author does not write. Read carefully the conditions on page 261 of this issue.)

## The Ego of the Metropolis

By Thomas T. Hoyne

"YOU couldn't get her picture?" sneered the city editor contemptuously. "Come, Johnson, get into the game. You're not in Chicago or St. Louis now. This is New York."

Johnson was eating his bread in the sweat of his brow, but he wanted to continue eating. Therefore he said nothing, but lounged off into the local room, empty during the dead afternoon hours.

He was lucky to be working at all. During the couple of weeks he had been wearing out shoe leather chasing pictures for the greatest of all metropolitan morning newspapers he had been told his good fortune a hundred times. He, a perfect stranger in New York, had walked right into a job.

The job should have been tempting only to the rawest cub, but Johnson, a crackerjack reporter, snapped at it. He knew that some of the best newspaper men in New York, crackerjack reporters, were carrying the banner along Park Row.

The afternoon newspapers were boiling over with editions, black type and red crying out that one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars had disappeared from a vault of the soundest bank in Wall Street and that the cashier was missing. To be assigned to this bank story, to get the chance to show what he really could do, Johnson would have given a finger from his right hand.

He sat on a corner of a typewriter desk, swinging one leg, while he raged inwardly at the insolent city editor. Bread or no bread, he could not work himself into spasms of enthusiasm over a near society woman's photo-

graph for a cheap story. He was too old in the game for such child's play.

The noisy opening of the door between the managing editor's room and the office of the city editor roused him. He heard the managing editor's voice.

"Got any line on that bank cashier?"

"Not yet, sir," replied the city editor, "but every live man on the staff is out on the story."

Johnson flushed as if he had been insulted publicly. How would the old guard in Chicago or Cincinnati retort to such an insinuation against a man who had campaigned up and down the country and had learned the newspaper game as a soldier learns war—in action? He recalled winning out in California, notwithstanding "Native Sons." But to win against the esoteric self-sufficiency of New-Yorkers demanded a higher fortitude.

"Where can I find the owner of this newspaper?"

Johnson came out of his dream abruptly to answer the insignificant little man who had rambled into the local room.

"He isn't in the building just now," said he patiently.

Owners of newspapers do not receive callers casually. When cranks get through the outer doors now and again it is the duty of some employee to act as buffer.

The visitor lifted a trembling hand to his forehead, shook his head uncertainly, and began to mumble a meandering, inconsequent tale. Amid the aimless words one sentence unexpectedly shaped itself that set the reporter's nerves atingle.

Johnson glanced fearfully toward the city editor's office.

"You want to see the owner of the paper?" he asked softly, the sudden thumping of his heart sounding in his voice. "Come with me."

He grasped the visitor's arm and hurried him out of the local room into the hall, and thence into an elevator.

"This way," he coaxed, when they reached the street level. He led the man out into the crowded thoroughfare, cleverly sheering away from points of danger, as a battleship might convoy a treasure bark.

In the empty local room time dragged. The city editor busied himself in his little office, glaring at his assignment book, studying clippings from afternoon newspapers and answering calls on his telephone. Once he was interrupted by a woman who laid two tickets for a church fair on his desk and asked to have a paragraph about the entertainment published.

"Johnson!" shouted the city editor arrogantly. His voice merely lost itself in the hollow local room. He rose from his chair irritably and peered through the door of his office, but there was no Johnson on whom to break his wrath.

As evening came on reporters and copy-readers straggled in. No one brought startling news in the bank story. The cashier was still missing, and there was no trace of him.

The local room burst into nervous life, emphasized by erratic volleys from pounding typewriters and hoarse yells for copy-boys. More than once as the night wore away the city editor

stepped from his office to look toward the corner where Johnson usually sat. Each time a vacant chair aggravated his anger.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the ringing telephone bell called his attention from the proof before him. He jerked the receiver from its hook.

"Johnson, eh? I wanted you half a dozen times this afternoon and evening, but now you needn't come in at all. You're through."

He jammed the receiver back with a glow of satisfaction in having good reason to discharge an incompetent.

The telephone bell rang again. This time the city editor listened.

"You've got the cashier locked up in your room!" he fairly yelled. "All right! All right!"

Shaking with excitement he wheeled from the telephone.

"Brail! Jack! Fredericks!"

He roared the names into the local room in sharp succession.

Like soldiers at a bugle call men sprang from desks where they were working or idling.

"You, Jack, get on the 'phone and take a story from Johnson! He's got the biggest beat that ever was pulled off in the city of New York."

The rewrite man settled himself at the wire.

At the other end of it Johnson, in his room at the cheap hotel where he lived, struggled to be calm in this moment of triumph. He began to dictate.

Near him, well within range of vision, sat his willing prisoner. Not

once since they left the newspaper office together had the cashier been out of Johnson's sight. Helpless, hopeless, but with a conscience no longer heavily burdened, the unfortunate man listened now just as he had listened while the reporter, without betraying his source of information, craftily verified by telephone the wandering confession.

Clear and without interruption the stream of dictation poured over the wire. The story was written as a newspaper story should be written, and when it was told it ended.

"That's all," sighed Johnson proudly. "I'll hold him here till two o'clock to make the beat an absolute cinch. Then I'll 'phone the police."

In the newspaper office the rewrite man had hardly drummed out the last line of copy before the sheet of paper was snatched from his typewriter and rushed in the wake of former scudding sheets to the composing-room, just in time for the first edition.

"There never was a beat like it," cried the exultant city editor. "I don't see how he landed it."

"It's a great piece of newspaper work," agreed the managing editor. "No man in the country could have done better. Who is Johnson?"

"A new man, but I've taught him the game already. He didn't wait for any assignment—just went right out and dug that cashier up." The city editor's voice cracked with enthusiasm.

"That's the kind of newspaper men we turn out in little old New York."

philosophic heavens of America; she had known about eugenics long before the newspapers had made the subject popular knowledge, and she had played in the musty, rickety garret of occultism at a time when the most daring minds in science were sitting tight in the seats of the scornful. But there was a shadow in the sunlight of Aunt Sarah's mental advancement, an opaque spot in the crystal of her mysticism, an unresolved seventh in the harmony of her simple life in the Wisconsin backwoods—

She was married.

She was married to Uncle John!

At six o'clock in the evening of June 1, 1915, Aunt Sarah glanced up from reading Bennett's "Folk Ways and Mores" as Uncle John entered the kitchen door. Uncle John had just come from performing the vespertine chores.

"Pa, we shall have to get a divorce!" said Aunt Sarah, shutting Bennett with determination. "Marriage is a worn-out convention; it is only one of the thousand foolish folk ways that hinder the advancement of science among the masses."

"Very well, ma."

"We *will* get a divorce."

"I quite agree, ma."

"Don't attempt logic with me, John. I said that we would get a divorce." Uncle John shook his head. "When will it be?" he asked.

"To-morrow."

Uncle John smiled, dropped his armful of kindling into the wood box behind the kitchen range, and began to lay the Brobdingnagian bandana handkerchief that served them for a table cloth.

Aunt Sarah finished the preparation of the bacon and onions and set the coffee pot back when it began to boil.

After supper Uncle John read the seed catalog and Aunt Sarah resumed her Bennett.

The following afternoon Judge Thompson, who lived in the biggest and best house in the little county seat, was surprised to see from his chair in the big bay window an antiquated carriage drawn by a retired farm horse draw up before his cast-iron negro hitching post. In the car-

## Approximating the Ultimate With Aunt Sarah

*By Charles Earl Gaymon*

AUNT SARAH was sixty-three years old. Uncle John was sixty-four years old.

If you spoke to Aunt Sarah about any new fringe on the tapestry of the intellectual loom she would say:

"Oh, yes, we 'proximated that line of thought in 1893. It is near, but not quite the ultimate."

If you spoke to Uncle John about Schopenhauer he would reply:

"I don't take much stock in them new-fangled cultivators."

Uncle John and Aunt Sarah had lived together in the old homestead for thirty-eight years.

Aunt Sarah always had intellectual curiosity: she had left the old Baptist church in her girlhood to join a joy cult; she had followed with her mental telescope the scintillating trajectory of William James's flight through the

riage were Aunt Sarah and Uncle John.

Judge Thompson was on the porch in time to receive his guests.

"We've come to get a divorce," said Aunt Sarah, with a direct gaze; then she added, with the *sang froid* of one who is wise, "What'll it cost?"

The judge motioned them to seats in the wicker chairs on the porch, and then replied:

"But you must have grounds——"

"Everybody knows it. Incompatibility of temperament."

And the judge, smiling, humored Aunt Sarah, for he knew her and the community in which she lived. "It will cost you just ten dollars," he said.

"Make out the papers," Aunt Sarah replied.

One hour later Uncle John and Aunt Sarah left the judge's house together, separated for life.

Moses, their horse, looked at them out of the corner of his good eye as they approached the carriage.

Uncle John paused, but Aunt Sarah stepped firmly into the vehicle.

Uncle John followed her and took up the reins.

Moses knew the way home by a clairvoyant sense, and he took that way at his own pace of prophet-like dignity.

At the door of the old homestead Uncle John handed Aunt Sarah down from her seat in silence. Then he put Moses into his stall. And when he returned to the house he found Aunt Sarah beaming upon him through her gold-rimmed spectacles from her place at the table, which was loaded with a supper such as she alone could cook.

Aunt Sarah was jubilant. She was living at last with a man to whom she was not married; no longer was there a blot on the 'scutcheon of her intellectual progress; no longer did a black beetle mar the pellucid amber of her simple life of Advanced Ideas; no longer could the acolytes, in off moments when they were not engaged in trundling the spheres through the macrocosm, gaze sternly down upon her through interstellar space and say:

"Aunt Sarah is nearly, but not quite, an intellectual."



"PLEASE, MUM, I'M LOOKIN' FER A JOB. ANY LITTLE JOB'LL DO—THE SMALLER THE BETTER"

### Social

"MAY I utter a word of criticism?"

He had been invited down for the week-end; it was now Monday, and he was just about to take his departure. A man about town, he was conspicuously welcome in the smartest establishments. Indeed, his popularity had perhaps spoiled him and given him the privilege of saying things which from another would have been ill received.

"Certainly you may," replied his hostess, with a smile.

"Your house is charming, your hospitality above all praise; but in your invitation you mentioned as one of the inducements for my visit the

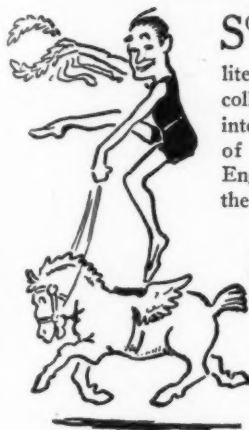
presence of a beautiful married woman, and you subtly gave me to understand I could enliven my visit by flirting with her. Lo, I arrive, and she is not here. Nothing is said about her. And now I depart without my promised fun."

The hostess laid a reproachful hand upon his arm.

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "I did not apologize because I was too embarrassed. It was my fault. I got my dates mixed. I should have asked you last week instead of this. Will you forgive me? You see, this week was the week in which my husband arranged to take her off with him on his yacht."



## Our Unliterary Literature



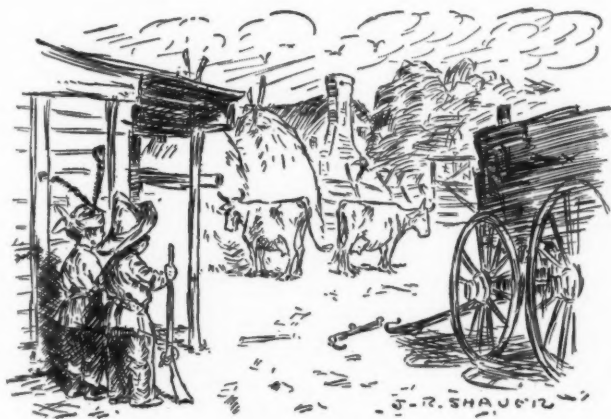
SOMETHING more than writers is necessary if we are going to have literature. Critics and philosophers and college professors have been dinning this into us since long before the introduction of the printing press. James Stephens, an English writer, reverts to the subject in the *Century Magazine*. He says:

"American writers have not learned how to write; their thoughts are superficial, they have no critical intelligence, and they have the sad courage of these disabilities."

The result, he tells us, is that we have no literature worthy of the name, in spite of the promise of Emerson, Lowell, Whitman and a few others. What we write is fit only for old women, which must be pretty bad, although many of us may not have the same contempt for old women that Mr. Stephens has. All old women, we must remember, have been young at some time or other, and in picking out their reading matter they are apt to bring a certain maturity of judgment to bear which is not wholly without value.

But, although Mr. Stephens withholds from us literary laurels which we have sometimes thought ourselves entitled to, he does not leave us without hope. We are not old enough. If we continue to be faithful and upright and sincere and earnest and ambitious and studious we may come out right in the end. To quote:

"It [America] has not yet had the leisure to evolve a social order to conserve its traditions and form a life habitual to itself and against the background of



THE POWER OF IMAGINATION

"AIN'T IT GREAT, CAP'N, TO LOOK OUT OVER THE PRAIRIE AN' SEE NOTHIN' BUT HERDS O' BUFFALOES AS FAR AS THE EYE KIN REACH?"



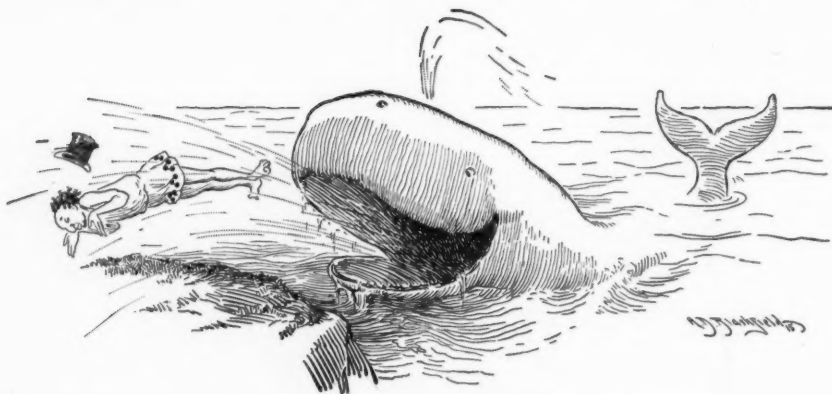
"HOW MANY HAVE YOU CAUGHT, HELEN?"  
"ONLY ONE, MOTHER, BUT HE'S A DANDY."

which every facet of the national existence may be judged. Without a social order there can be no literature."

The really important word there is the word "yet." It is prophetic. It indicates that some day the social disorder (or should we say unsocial order or unsocial disorder?) which now prevails among our young and exuberant "States" will give way to that quietly dignified and perfectly self-possessed social order which one may easily observe at present in Germany and England and Turkey and Italy and Spain and China and other literary places. At present we have many wonderful things in this country, but no literature. The time may come when we shall have a literature and nothing else, but it is not likely that Mr. Stephens will be alive to enjoy it.

E. O. J.

THE new-born infant uttered his first cry.  
"First squall for dinner," remarked his proud but irrepressible father.



THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND MOVEMENT

### The War and Armament

THE *Army and Navy Journal* joyfully contemplates the continuance of military systems as they existed before the war, but "strengthened and expanded by the lessons learned from the conflict now raging."

That means, presumably, more soldiers and war preparation than ever. The *Journal* says that even if the Allies should "crush Germany" they couldn't kill all the German soldiers nor crush out the fighting spirit of the Germans, and while there were Germans left, even though Germany were partitioned, the victors would have to maintain big armies to keep them in order. But that would necessitate, the *Journal* thinks, "a stiffening of the very militarism which so many are proclaiming the Allies are in this war to abolish."

Bless you, neighbor, it won't be necessary to kill or guard all the able-bodied Germans to make Europe safe. All that is necessary is to change their leadership. If the Prussian war-master control of the German mind can be broken the Germans will be no more dangerous than other people. A lot of soldiers don't make a country militaristic. What does that is the control of those soldiers and of the apparatus that produces and maintains them by minds that aspire to conquest. Did the *people* of any country ever make an aggressive war? No; people rebel, riot, organize for defense, get up expeditions when a war is on; but the makers of aggressive wars are poli-

ticians. Who made the wars of Europe? The people of Europe? No. Kings, popes, barons and ministers of state. Williams, Edwards, Phillips, Henrys, Lewises, Clements, Piuses, Richelieus, Mazarins and the like and Napoleon. Who made our Civil War? The Southern people? No. A handful of cotton barons.

Armament will not perish off the

earth along of this war, but if the war goes clear through to its end, avoid betting to back the expectations of persons who look to see armament "strengthened and expanded." The nations of Europe are not fighting for the privilege of increased armament for the next generation, though in this country it may very well be that military training will increase and our present destitution of defensive organization will be remedied.

WE move to amend German-American to make it read German-American.



"AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO BE SEEN HERE AGAIN?"

"NO, SAH. EF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOH YOU, SAH, AH'S SATISFIED."

### Revised Versions

HANDSOME is that handsome is made up.

Those who live in glass houses should always have the largest siege-guns.

Nothing fails like success.

Necessity is the mother of pretension.



*Husband:* DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE ABLE TO KEEP WITHIN YOUR ALLOWANCE THIS MONTH?  
"I'M AFRAID SO."





AUGUST 5, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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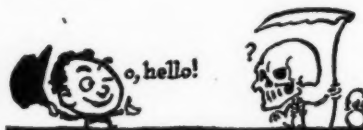
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THE world abounds more and more in people who feel that they must do something to stop the killing in Europe. It is not the visionaries alone that feel so, but highly practical people are getting a vision on this subject. Mr. Wanamaker is an example, with his suggestion of an American fund of a hundred billion dollars to buy back Belgium from the Germans. The suggestion does not commend itself to acceptance, but it is impressive for the light it sheds on the state of Mr. Wanamaker's very practical mind. When he wants something, his way to get it is to buy it. He wants now to stop the war, and the urgency of his desire appears in the price he is willing to pay. Nobody is going to pay Germany to get out of Belgium or France; she will have to go, and go at her own costs. Nevertheless, the increasing fervor of the peace sentiment and the increasing sense of obligation to do something about it is a factor of importance. If the neutrals feel strongly enough that they have an interest in civilization which is being unduly prejudiced by current proceedings in Europe, they may conclude to do something about it.

They can do nothing without some sort of organization through which to secure a common action. But even that may come to pass if the United States concludes to bestir itself and take the lead in it. It is our part to do that if any one is to do it, and

perhaps we will. Our President in his last note to Germany continued to show a proper degree of spunk about neutral rights on the seas, and a proper disinclination to let the belligerents have all the ocean to contend in. There may be in that position the germ of neutral leadership and a sufficient co-operation of neutrals to do some good. The note is backed by tokens of an enlivened concern by our government about the means of making its views respected. It has been announced that the improvement of our army and navy is now engaging the President's mind, and that the experts in both services are busy with recommendations suitable to submit to Congress if a special session should be called. That is the best sign of American activity to end the war that has yet appeared. If we want to be reckoned with we should so equip ourselves as to make it necessary to reckon with us. If we mean business with our notes and remonstrances we must give some evidence of providing means to enforce our demands.



NORMAN ANGELL stands in most people's minds as a man who argued to his satisfaction that there could not be a general European war because it would do too much mischief to every one concerned. He gave his reasons, and they were impressive; and then in due time came along in

the teeth of all his excellent demonstrations the Great War now proceeding, and there ensued a sentiment that Norman Angell as a computer and prophet had missed his connection.

Nevertheless, though his reasons forbidding a great war were not good enough, they were pretty good and should have been effective, and we all wish they had been; and because he has thought a great deal about war and the means of preventing it he may still be a proper enough person to listen to in the present juncture. He admits that there is a war, and has brought his thoughts up to the date and directed his mind to the problem of making presently a peace that shall contain, if possible, the elements of a reasonable permanency. He has contributed two articles on that subject to the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia.

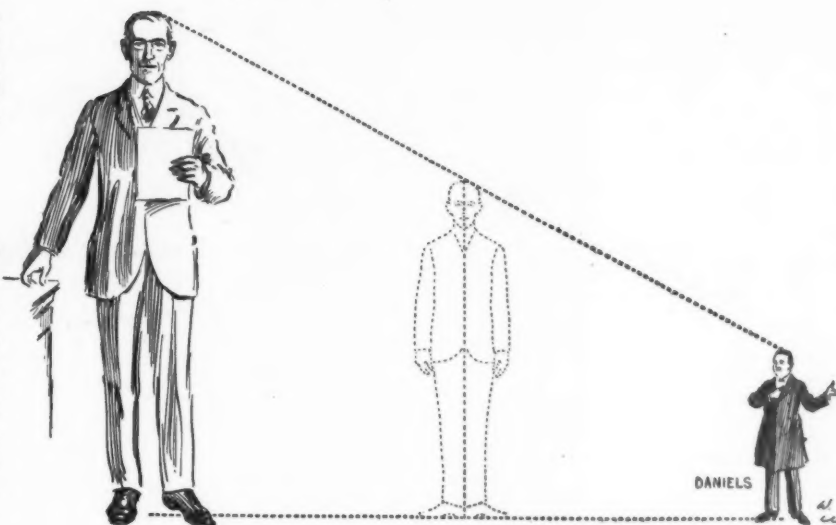
He says that the results of wars heretofore have been lamentably disappointing; that the peace that followed the Napoleonic wars a century ago did not pan out well and accomplished nothing permanent; that the Bourbons it set up in France quickly disappeared again, and the French soon relapsed into control of the Napoleonic aspiration and were not broken of it until 1870, when the Germans, who smashed it, took it home with them for their own use. He points out that the French and English are fighting in the Dardanelles to undo what they so painfully accomplished seventy years ago. He reminds us that no war destroys a virile nation, and that no matter what happens to the Germans they will get over it in a few years. He would have it that the peace that is to follow this war should be better founded and planned than has ever happened heretofore, and should last better and do more good; and to that end he agrees with many others that it should provide for a big international alliance to control the seas and keep them free and maintain a marine police force equal to that duty. And he thinks the nations could get along with much less actual war if they were so organized that they could boycott a nation that violated the rules agreed upon for international deportment. A

boycott that would enforce non-intercourse with an outlaw nation would be, he thinks, quite intolerable to the nation proscribed, and he tells in detail how a nation might be penalized by it for misbehavior.



TIME was when Popes used to excommunicate offending States, attempting very much such discipline as Mr. Angell would effect by an international tribunal with an effective police force. Usually they had not the power to enforce their decrees, and the practice fell into disuse. An international alliance might do better—for a time. No plan can be expected to work longer than “for a time.” We would all join in the opinion that any such plan as Mr. Angell’s was too complicated to work and too artificial to accommodate itself to the sinuosities of human nature if it were not for the extremely pressing exigencies of the present situation. Here is a large handful of the greatest nations in the world at it hammer and tongs to destroy one another, and making unprecedented progress with the job; all the rest of mankind meantime being dreadfully harassed and inconvenienced by the combat, distressed in their feelings and torn in their sympathies, and our own pacific and thrifty country in momentary danger of being dragged into the conflict. It is not a time for quoting precedents against proposals, but one in which any experienced pacificator ought to have a hearing, at least from neutrals.

We are still a neutral, and the biggest of the neutrals and their natural leader. Mr. Angell wants a conference of neutrals to take up the situation and discuss it. Most of the other plans that attempt to provide a means to keep the world in order after the war have these ingredients of an international alliance and an international court and navy. The neutrals may very well discuss these matters. They have as much concern in the future of human life as though they



HOW TO FIND THE SIZE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN  
SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE

were in the war. The nations that are fighting can think of nothing but dealing death, but the neutrals might properly concern themselves about the survivors of the war, themselves included, and with provision for such a future regulation of the world as may seem adapted to prevent the recurrence of such horrible devastation and destruction as is now going on.

The war is altogether out of ordinary and beyond precedent. The means to stop it and prevent another may properly be of the same character. If things go on long enough as they are going now there must come a time when the universal horror of what is doing will overwhelm all other considerations and compel peace. If the neutrals can contrive a little beforehand a scheme of peace that shall promise to the nations equitable conditions of existence, backed by force enough to maintain them, it will be a great service from which no timid aversion to intermeddling should deter them. And the fighting nations would probably welcome such action if it was wisely taken. They may be willing, and doubtless are, to fight to the last man, but they would rather stop if a way can be shown them before they have quite come to final

exhaustion both of life and of the means to support it.



WHAT must an acceptable peace provide for?

It is not hard to say.

It must provide for Belgium for the Belgians, France for the French, the relief of all Europe from the fear of German aggression; also from the fear of Russian aggression; the security of the small nations against the designs of big ones, the freedom of the seas for all nations that keep the peace, and the maintenance of that freedom by some sort of an international navy.

Unless a peace that can accomplish these ends can be contrived and put on a basis of stability the alternative is a Europe of nations aiming diligently for another war. That is what many observers expect. Peace, they say, will come, but armament will go on harder than ever. But it is no game of the neutrals to bring about such a peace as that. Somehow the problems of Europe must be solved at this sitting for a long time to come.







Crucified

### All in a Day's Work

SUMMONING his private secretary, the great physician who had discovered there was no easier way of making a living than by publishing a magazine on sex said:

"Has the manuscript of my new drama, 'A Horrible Disease Presented Frankly,' been typewritten?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are the press notices explaining that it contains a great lesson, etc., prepared in advance?"

"They are."

"Is the birth-control movement well under way?"

"It is."

"And my short stories, 'Everything Revealed to the Young and Innocent,' ready for the press?"

"Yes."

"Then you might prepare my weekly article explaining that it hurts me more than I can say as an eminent scientist to be reveling in matters of this sort, but that I am doing it in the interests of the public."

HE: Did she succeed in her suit?  
SHE: Her husband retains custody of the limousine.



"DIVE, GIRLS, DIVE! THERE'S A MAN LOOKING AT THIS PICTURE!"



MARY LANEY ILLUSTRATED

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"

### The Perils of Education

THE Superintendent of Education in Alabama, W. F. Feagin, has been looking around, and has found that Alabama is more zealous in building good jails than good schools. He says that the owner of an automobile frequently spends as much on the upkeep of one car as the community in which he lives spends for the total maintenance of the school, including the teacher's salary. But he had no difficulty in finding jails which cost thousands of dollars and with all modern improvements, plenty of light, good ventilation and other attractions.

It is clear that these Alabamans know their business. They know it is very easy to overdo in matters of education. If educational facilities were made too attractive the children would be all the more anxious to use them, and that would interfere with their work in the factories, and that would interfere with the profits of their employers, and that would interfere with the welfare of the State, which is the chief desideratum. Where ignorance contributes to the welfare of the State, 'tis folly to spend money upon schools.

MARY: Mrs. Delaney says her little girl has learned to play the piano in no time.

ALICE: Yes, I heard her playing just that way the other day.



SCARECROWS PROTECT OUR OYSTER BEDS



MR. TAFT'S TUB OVERFLOWS



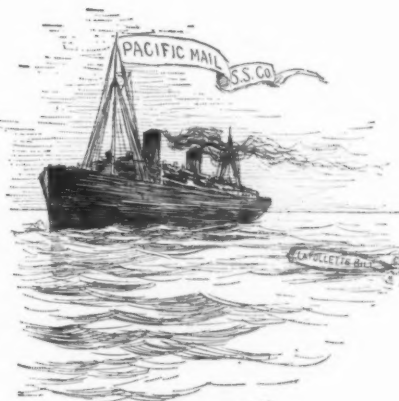
MOTHERS LOVE TO BE TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS.



LOOKS LIKE SOME CORN



BABY IS BLOWN A MILE UNINJURED.



MORE DEADLY THAN A FOREIGN FOE



WHISKERS ARE COMING BACK..



## The Latest Books

MUCH water has run under mill wheels since America greeted "David Harum" as the great American novel. Far too much for the history of that enthusiasm to repeat itself, even mildly, over "Hepsey Burke" (H. K. Fly Co., \$1.35), an essentially similar genre study of another "character," written by Frank N. Westcott, a brother of the author of "David Harum." *Hepsey* herself is a stout widow of fifty, with a racy tongue, a self-won fund of sound sense, the local influence that the fearless exercise of such attributes gives to their possessor in rut-bound communities, and—the center of the stage in this story of a young city-bred clergyman's acclimatization in Durford. *Hepsey* is a familiar "type," pleasantly presented. The tale is "type" setting.

A CLERICAL story much less easily catalogued is presented in an anonymous volume called "Confessions of a Clergyman" (McBride, Nast, \$1.50). Superficially speaking, this autobiography is in execrable taste. It is not only purposefully undignified and intentionally sensational, but it is often unconsciously vulgar in its flippancy and by no means free from a disingenuous sentimentality. Yet it offers a most interesting clinical opportunity to the student of human nature. For it has been written in earnest by a man rebelling against the felt falseness of his position; whom the unaccustomed freedom of anonymity has not only stimulated to much honest confession of faith and of failure, but has tricked into unrealized but even more significant self-revelation. However, many people like to sit on stones in the woods who scream if the stones are turned over. If you like the "cloth" to cover the clergyman, give this book a wide berth.

THE volume on "The Meaning of Dreams" which Dr. Isador H. Coriat (specialist in nervous diseases and psychotherapist of the Freudian school) has written for the Mind and Health Series of handbooks on important recent discoveries through psychological research (Little, Brown, \$1.00) is intended as a popular summary of the Freudian tenets and teachings, with illustrative examples (of dream analysis and so forth) taken from the author's own practice. Unhappily, Dr. Coriat makes a mistake by no means rare among technical experts writing for a lay audience. He forgets that laymen, while technically ignorant, are of average intelligence, and addresses them as though, while intelligently lacking, they were averagely technical. The result is a Gilbert and Sullivan one. If you have read Freud you'll understand Dr. Coriat's explanation of him. If not, not.

THE year of dis-grace now passing is doubtless destined for many generations to be an inexhaustible source of historical romance. But for the moment it is too definitely "stranger than fiction" for fiction to do anything with it except help us to forget it. And Warwick Deeping's "Marriage by Conquest" (McBride, Nast, \$1.25) will serve this end admirably for a few hours. Mr. Deeping is an honest and able historical romanticist, adept at the trick of inflating his imagination with the fancied atmosphere of a bygone age, and, in the process of deflation, making a noise like, say, eighteenth-century England. "Marriage by Conquest" does this. It contains the history of a rural rivalry in love between a swashbuckling bully and an athletic scholar, and is a discreet mixture of pseudo-chivalry and "pep."



"WHAT DOES HE BLOW THAT BUGLE FOR?"

"TATTOO."

"I'VE OFTEN SEEN IT ON THEIR ARMS, BUT I NEVER KNEW THEY HAD A SPECIAL TIME FOR DOING IT."

BUT for those who prefer a homœopathic means of present forgetfulness Arthur Stringer's contemporary tale of headlong adventure, "The Hand of Peril" (Macmillan, \$1.35), will be found more truly "indicated." This is a detective story in which a secret agent of the United States Treasury Department engages, in successive bouts of matched wits, a gang who operate in Paris, Palermo, New York and Rome. As in the old Arabian Nights tale of the contest in magic between the wizard and the princess, the actors in this fight to the death assume successive disguises mutually inimical. As in all really satisfying dramas of pure action, we are led fast and faster to the final "I love you." And enough seeming individuality adheres to the various characters in their flight across the screen to give the illusion of liking to our consciousness of their acquaintance.

BUT, in the matter of killing time (and other things), what is mere literary invention compared to the fascinating fiction of a new therapeutics? Here, in "The Manual of Trichemistry" (The Trichemist Press, Chicago), by Sidney Flower, are the full specifications of a new school of medicine, from the deliciously scientiferous lingo of which emerges the prospect not only of professional extinction for doctors, but of imminent immortality among laymen. Are you bored? Is your sense of humor out of order? Have you tried New Thought in vain? Have you tried the Kneipp Cure without results? Be advised. Trichemistry.

J. B. Kerfoot.



HEARD IN THE PARK

*The Riding Master:* THE TROT, MADAM, WHEN RIDDEN IN GOOD FORM, IS THE GAIT AT WHICH BOTH HORSE AND RIDER SECURE THE MAXIMUM OF COMFORT AND EASE

### *An Old Man's War, With Due Infusion Of Alcohol*

MISS ADDAMS says she heard everywhere that the war was an old man's war, not popular with the young men who are doing the fighting.

That is comprehensible. Average young men, unless matters have gone very wrong with them, prefer to live. It is not supposable that young Germans in the mass, for example, should be ambitious to be turned into *Kanonenfutter*. The war is primarily the war of the Kaiser, the professors, the German General Staff and the German war-leaders, nearly all of them of a suitable age to go to the front in motor cars. The young men are in it, some because they must, the rest out of pure patriotism. But the direction of the affairs of the world is in the control of the mature men, and all government is as much old man's government as this war is an old man's war. So peace, when it comes, will be an old man's peace, except so far as

it is due to women, whose years are not for publication.

Miss Addams also said that the soldiers of all the armies were systematically replenished with Dutch courage before bayonet charges, but that is denied fervently by other reporters, such as R. H. Davis, who have been to the front and think they know. Miss Addams's information was probably mixed too strong. Nevertheless, one gets the impression that the war has not been so rigidly separated from alcoholic stimulation as has been advertised. There have been published details (untrue, perhaps) about the soldiers' allowances of wine and spirits, according to which all got some and the Germans got the most. That is a sad thought for persons who supposed that the war-demand for efficiency had completely discomfited alcohol, but nearly all the war-thoughts are sad thoughts.



*Distracted Motorist (to passer-by): DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT MACHINERY?*

### What Did He Say?

**W**HAT he said: "I never met a girl in my life that I would rather marry than you."

What she thought he said: "Will you marry me?"

What she told her best friend that he said: "I love you."

What her best friend said to another girl that he had said to her: "I simply cannot live without you. I love you. Will you marry me?"

What he told his best friend that he had said: "You're all right."

What his best friend said that he had said: "You're a nice little girl; kiss me."

What she said when she heard that he had said that he never had said what she said that he had said: "Deceiver!"

What he said when he heard that she said that he said what he said he never had said: "How these girls do love to fool themselves!"

### Those Luxurious Judges

**T**HIS modest announcement of a five months' vacation on full pay for our Supreme Court should be interesting to us all:

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The Federal Supreme Court to-day recessed until Tuesday, June 1, when opinions will be announced. Notice was given that the court will recess from June 1 to June 14, and then to June 21, on which date it will adjourn until next October.

But it should be particularly interesting and encouraging to our laboring classes, for it means that in cases concerning labor these staunch devotees of luxurious leisure will always be found to be sympathetic toward higher wages and shorter hours.

### When You Get Your New Car

**"H**OW did you happen to get a ———? I haven't heard about them, but they must be good, of course, if you have one."

"This is your first, isn't it? Oh, well, wait till you've had three or four."

"I wouldn't take any chances with that steering-gear, old fellow."

"You say she has the Bunco electric starting system. Well, my advice is, watch it."

"Silent engine, eh? Wait till you've run four or five thousand miles."

"Yes, I've heard that the engine in your car is awfully good. What do you care how it looks?"

"Pretty good-looking car, eh? If the engine doesn't break down you ought to get a lot of fun out of it."

"Hello! New car? Oh, I don't think it makes much difference what you get at that price."



*Ambitious Youth: FATHER, I'VE CUT DOWN ALL THE CHERRY TREES ON THE PLACE*





## A REACTIONARY

"YES, BUT SHE IS UTTERLY HOPELESS. NO IMAGINATION, NO TEMPERAMENT. SHE MARRIED AT AN EARLY AGE, AND HAS BEEN PERFECTLY CONTENTED WITH THE SAME MAN EVER SINCE"

### The Wrong Place

"DO you wish a commencement masterpiece?"

He paused on the threshold of the private office of the president of the great college.

"Something," he continued, "that will inspire and edify, amuse and instruct, and, above all things, something that is strictly original."

"I think not," said the president.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am calling early to take my orders long in advance. Let me give you a brief outline. Are you, sir, trying to make the world over to suit yourself, or are you trying to make yourself over to suit the world?"

"Neither, sir. I—"

He advanced to the center of the room and raised his hand.

"One moment," he interrupted. "Remember that I am now addressing an audience of young ladies and gentlemen—your next year's graduating class. Picture the scene in your mind's eye. I am introduced by your distinguished self. I advance, I bow.



WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME



Wife: DON'T DROP THAT PITCHER, ALFRED! OF THE TWO EVILS I'D RATHER HAVE IT STING YOU

Now, sir, you have the *tout ensemble*. . . 'My dear young friends, consider for one moment the wonderful career of Alexander the Great. What did he try to do? Make the world over to suit himself. And where is he now? Let us span a few centuries. Now behold Julius Cæsar. What did he attempt? To make the world over to suit himself. Where, I say, is Julius Cæsar? Now let us move rapidly forward until we come to Napoleon Bonaparte. He tried to make the world over, and where is he? I—'"

The president of the great college stopped the orator.

"Never mind all that," he said. "What is the idea?"

The great orator smiled.

"Ah, sir," he whispered, "don't you see the application? All, all have failed. Look at Bill Bryan, at Theodore Roosevelt—and now turn and

think of my message to these young people. 'My dear young friends, the world was here before you came, it will be here after you go' (telling sentence, that, eh?) 'and I beg of you, do not make the mistake made by Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Roosevelt and Bryan. But rather make yourselves over to suit the world.' That, sir, is the original idea put in the briefest manner. Fifteen dollars for the evening, including my traveling expenses to and from station. I appear in a genuine dress suit and silk hat. Shall I put you down?"

"Never, sir!"

The orator's voice was full of dignity as he asked:

"May I inquire the reason, sir, for this strange decision?"

And the great president almost smiled as he replied:

"You may, sir. This college has



A DANGER SIGNAL

been in existence for fifty years, and no commencement address within the memory of man has contained one atom of originality. If we should break the rule with your masterly address all our college traditions would be shattered and I should lose my job. Morning, sir."

### Uninteresting People

**H**ENRY HOBBLETON, president of the X, Y, Z. Railroad, is considered by many as the most uninteresting man in America. Aside from the railroad business, in which he had made a considerable success, he hasn't an idea in his head.

J. Bungleton Bungleton, as every-

body knows, is our most eminent banker. He is a graduate of college, and has traveled extensively abroad. He talks, however, of nothing but stocks and bonds. He has a round, moonlike face, with almost as much expression to it as the side of a barn, and he reads the newspapers.

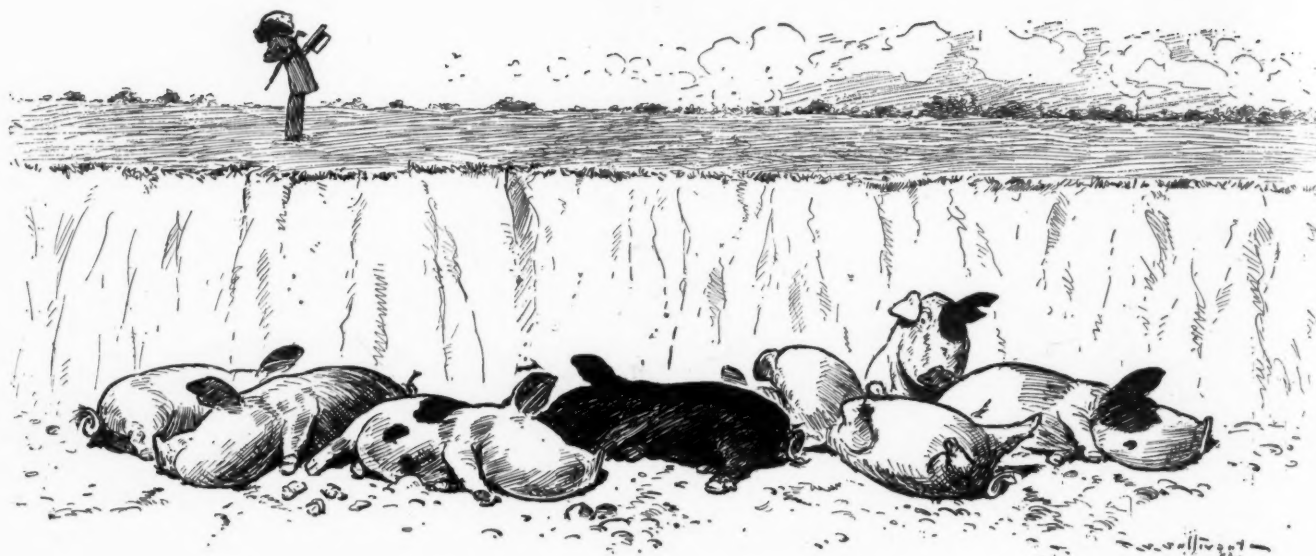
Mrs. Montague Von Jones-Mutt, our most distinguished society leader, has become more or less famous from her historic phrase, uttered so many years ago and so often quoted, namely, "Why should there be so much poverty?" She once read a Chambers novel, and can give a dinner. Many believe that her dullness will not be in vain, but will live after her.

### An Easy Matter

**M**R. HENRY FORD, in common with Brother Edison, believes that people eat too much, and in his superbly efficient way proposes to do something practical to stop it. Mr. Ford's advice is easy to demonstrate in this town. All one need do is to take the same money which has been spent in eating at home and use it up in the restaurants. Less real nourishment for more money can probably be obtained in a New York restaurant than anywhere else in the world.

**W**E move to amend *Kultur* to make it read *Killtur*.





"HOW GLORIOUS IS THIS COUNTRY AIR—SO FREE FROM VITIATING INFLUENCES, SO LADEN WITH A SUBTLE SOMETHING!"

### Opportunities for the Young

**A**MBITIOUS young men who are looking about for easy ways of acquiring fame and fortune might well go into the business of discovering germs. It is already a great industry, but the limits of its possibilities are nowhere in sight. Though the entire world has succumbed to the onslaughts of explorers, only a comparatively few microbes have been tracked to their lairs by the stealthy microscope.

Now is the time, young men. The public is in a most credulous state of mind. The germ theory has the floor. The other day a young doctor started out to find the germ of typhus fever. He looked where it ought to be, and there it was the very first time, although many other powerful and sincere microscopes had looked for it in vain in the same place. He told older doctors about it, and they marveled. One of the principal New York papers took it right up and declared it to be one of the most wonderful discoveries ever known to medical science. And, of course, it was, for how can we disprove it? But any young man can do likewise. All he needs is a materia-medicated vocabulary, a vivid imagination and a convincing manner.

There are many diseases, and there must be at least one germ for every disease. If you have found the proper germ for an improper disease, nobody is in position to dispute you. Then, some diseases are probably caused by a co-partnership of germs who have found they can be more efficient and more virulent by working together. Perhaps some of our higher-priced diseases are

caused by a corporation, or even a trust, the stocks and bonds of which are widely distributed among numerous classes of opulent germs. Thus are the possibilities of success increased. Then, after all the germs of all the diseases are discovered, it is possible to invent new diseases which would require new germs. And it is always possible to go over the ground again, making new discoveries to disprove the old ones. If your predecessor has claimed, for instance, that housemaid's knee is caused by a long, crooked microbe with St. Vitus's dance, you can make a counter claim that it is caused by a short, fat germ with a lymphatic temperament.

To your instruments, fellows! A shuddering world awaits the results of your germ-imagining powers.

*Ellis O. Jones.*



**EUGENICS!**

"GADZOOKS! HE'S HEAVIER THAN HE LOOKS!"



*The enthusiasm for France inspired by  
Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.*

**T**HE brilliance and delicacy of Perrier are characteristically French. Perrier is as superior to other Table Waters as the famous French Champagnes are superior to ordinary wines. M. Ritz, the genius of the modern restaurant, once said: "Perrier is the finest sparkling table water in the world." Today all the world knows it to be true.

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards. There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

N.B.—A glass of Perrier alone or with a slice of lemon in the early morning is invaluable in gout and uric acid troubles—the bugbear of middle-age.

Obtainable at all high-class *Hotels, Restaurants* and *Grocers*.

**WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents,**  
1158, Broadway, New York.

*To quench hot  
weather thirst drink  
The Champagne  
of Table Waters.*



*Bubbling with its  
own Carbonic Gas.*



# The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

## *A Statement by the President of the Aeolian Company*



EVER since we announced the Aeolian-Vocalion in the New York newspapers last winter, there have been many conjectures as to the policy this Company would pursue in regard to it.

As the instrument has become better known and its unusual features recognized, queries from musicians, members of the music trade and others, regarding our attitude have become so numerous that it has been deemed advisable to make a public statement.

In the first place let me say that the Aeolian-Vocalion was not designed to be what might be called a "popular phonograph;" that is to say, it is not our intention to produce an enormous number annually, or to seek broadcast representation.

We believe the market is already well-supplied with the very low-priced instruments, and that these admirably serve their purpose.

But it is with the phonograph that purports to be a serious musical instrument—that is adopted for educational purposes and finds its way into homes where music is known and appreciated—that the Aeolian-Vocalion has entered into competition.

This is not to be construed that the Aeolian-Vocalion is inordinately high-priced, or is not available for the lighter forms of musical entertainment, such as dancing, etc.

The reverse of this is the case, as its prices are surprisingly moderate, considering its advantages, while its unusual body and depth of tone give it great "carrying" power for dancing. But, as its character is such as to make it appeal most strongly to people of musical taste, the Aeolian-Vocalion will be handled with the conservatism such an instrument deserves.

We feel, as a matter of fact, that the Aeolian-Vocalion is one of the most important musical instruments that has yet appeared.

The phonograph itself occupies a peculiar field. It is the interpreter of all music, instrumental and vocal. It appeals to every taste and is the most practical and broadly useful means of supplying music, ever devised.

This Company long ago realized the musical possibilities of the phonograph. And, I may add, that the decision to enter the field as a manufacturer was not made until it had proved its ability to develop these possibilities.

The wide-spread comment that has been made on the obvious superiority of the Aeolian-Vocalion is a significant and gratifying tribute to the musical knowledge and mechanical skill of the men composing the Aeolian experimental staff.

*Aeolian-Vocalions are obtainable in a wide variety of beautiful styles, which are on a par with the best examples of modern, artistic furniture designing.*



Aeolian-Vocalion  
Style I



Aeolian-Vocalion  
Style J



Aeolian-Vocalion  
Style K



Several years ago I was asked by an acquaintance who had recently returned from a trip around the world, "what was the secret of the Aeolian Company's world-wide success?"

He had visited the principal cities of Australia and Europe, and had seen the large Branches we maintain in those cities. Everywhere he went he had found Aeolian instruments in evidence and universally regarded as the leading examples of their respective types.

I replied to his question by stating that while there were undoubtedly many contributing factors, I believed Aeolian success was chiefly due to a spirit that pervades the whole organization and has frequently been commented upon—that of dissatisfaction with present results and the determination to produce *the best*, whatever the instrument or article might be.

This spirit is certainly brought to a very pronounced materialization in the Aeolian-Vocalion.

I have personally been in almost daily touch with those responsible for it and have been gratified, and sometimes even amazed, at their enthusiasm and resourcefulness.

From the period, several years ago, when we first began to investigate the possibility of developing the phonograph musically, until the Aeolian-Vocalion was finally put upon the market, their zeal has never flagged.

During this whole period, hardly a month passed that did not bring to light some new discovery or new application of acoustical principles which would tend to improve the phonograph.

Indeed, the only one of the Aeolian-Vocalion's important musical features not directly attributable to the Aeolian Company's own staff, is the device for controlling tone, known as the Graduola. This was the invention of Mr. F. J. Empson of Sydney, Australia, the exclusive rights for which we secured two years ago.

In this connection it may not be amiss for me to remove a misconception which is sometimes entertained regarding the Graduola.

Wonderful and entertaining as the phonograph is, its musical value is seriously impaired unless it offers some effective method of tone-control.

Catalog showing styles and giving prices will be furnished free upon request. Address Dept. B.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK

That manufacturers have recognized this is evidenced by the doors, shutters, etc., with which they have equipped their instruments, the system of interchangeable needles some provide, and by dozens of inventions on record here and abroad.

Mr. Empson's invention—the Graduola—is the only genuinely musical and satisfactory method of tone-control yet devised. *It is not arbitrary, however, as some have thought, but may be used or ignored as desired.*

When used, its advantage is two-fold. It permits the introduction of delicate shadings in tone-color, without actually changing an artist's own technique and expression, and thus obviates record "monotony".

And it compensates for the recognized limitation in the present method of making records, by enabling one to play with extreme delicacy without *smothering* the tone with doors, or losing any of its tints by using very soft needles.

Indeed the Graduola, or some device equally effective, is an essential part of any phonograph, which, like the Aeolian-Vocalion, makes its appeal to people of genuine musical taste.

And this is the appeal which the Aeolian-Vocalion is designed to make.

We believe the phonograph has an important mission. But we also know that in the past it has been subject to some measure of criticism, from people who were musical.

In the Aeolian-Vocalion this Company has produced a phonograph which goes far towards meeting this criticism, and it is the requirements of people of genuine musical taste and perception that the Aeolian-Vocalion is designed to supply.

(Signed)

*H. J. Sumner*  
President of the Aeolian Company.

Owing to its limited output, the Aeolian-Vocalion will be represented only in certain cities, for the present. It will be necessary, therefore, for most of those who desire to hear it to write to this Company direct for information as to how they can do so most easily.



Aeolian-Vocalion  
Special "Art" Design



Copyright, 1915, by  
The Aeolian Company

Aeolian-Vocalion  
Special "Art" Design



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Force of Habit

We gazed pityingly on the listless drug-store clerk leaning against the soda counter.

"Haven't you any ambition?" we queried, kindly and all that.

"No," he replied, with brightening intelligence; "but I have something just as good."—*Newburgh Journal*.

### Savage Hunger

Mary and Tommy had been to hear a missionary talk at Sunday-school.

"Did he tell you about the poor heathen?" father inquired at the dinner table.

"Yes, sir," answered Mary. "He said that they were often hungry, and when they beat on the tum-tums it could be heard for miles."

—*New York Evening Post*.



RENEWING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

### Millie Had "Bitten"

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Mildred," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl with dignity; "I have already bitten."

—*New York Call*.

### Long and Short of It

"Mr. Blinks," said she, "do you think that anticipation is greater than realization?"

"Well," replied Mr. Blinks, "anticipation is broader and higher, but realization is longer and flatter."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"What makes you think Dauber will succeed as a painter?"

"He has the soul of an artist and the perseverance of a book agent."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

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Smaller sizes, 15c and 25c  
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You'll never know how good tobacco can be made until you smoke Arcadia.

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## The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. You need the best guide in existence and that undoubtedly you will find every month in the

## Educational Directory of Harper's Magazine

for it is in Harper's Magazine that you find the announcements of more private and preparatory schools and colleges than in any other publication—the widest, the best, and the most dependable selection.

Would you not like to have your own child go to school with children whose parents read Harper's Magazine?

## It Proves its Metal

The Capewell horse nail holds under great strain. Sudden twists, pulls or hard knocks are not too much for Capewell nails. Best in the world at a fair price—not cheapest regardless of quality. Your horses should be shod with them. The trade mark is on each nail head.



### Purely Imaginary

THE great Secretary summoned his first assistant.

"When will our three new battle-ships be ready?"

"In four years, your honor."

"And have we enough ammunition to last for a week?"

"About six days, your honor."

"How many submarines are there?"

"Only three came to the surface last night, your honor."

"By the way, is our standing army ten or fifteen men?"

"I'll go out and count 'em over again, your honor."

"Did you say we had any coast-defense guns left?"

"I think they were all shipped abroad last week, your honor."

"Very well. Then drop a postal to the allied powers who are about to invade us and ask them to hold off a couple of weeks longer."

"What excuse shall I give 'em, your honor?"

"Tell 'em it will take at least that long to prepare my statement for the press explaining what an impregnable position I am leaving the country in—and also to get my own family out of it."

### Why He Was Mad

FIRST MOTORIST (after very narrow shave): But why all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us.

SECOND MOTORIST: I know I can't, sir; I know I can't; that's just my point.  
—Punch.

## NEVERBIND Boston Garter

PATENTED JULY 6, 1913



See That  
Open Triangle

Weight One  
HALF-OUNCE

NEVERBIND CAN'T CHOKe YOUR LEGS. Try it for hot weather COMFORT—you'll never again wear any

other kind of garter, winter or summer.

Single or double grip, mercerized, 25c; silk, 50c.



George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.

## "Let's Stay Awhile"

MAKE your home-coming from the Expositions a restful journey that will mend the strain of the busy days in California. Pleasant side trips and ample stop-over privileges invite you to tarry among the quaint and historical places of the Golden Southwest:

The "Apache Trail" through Arizona's National Reserve; the gigantic Roosevelt Dam; Tucson, "City of Missions"; El Paso, the "Border City"; San Antonio and the "Alamo"; busy Houston; New Orleans, quaintest city in all America, and many other fascinating places.

They mean added pleasure in that marvelous ride through the Golden Southwest on the luxurious

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But in order to enjoy the delights of this "Road of a Thousand Wonders" make sure before you start that your return ticket reads

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TYPICAL MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE, ARIZONA



ROOSEVELT DAM, ARIZONA



MISSION SAN XAVIER, TUCSON



ON THE LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS

### Legislative Independence

AT the last session of the Illinois Legislature a bill was passed in the lower house making it unlawful for a legislator to give a written pledge with respect to future legislation or for an association to demand such a pledge.

That's a bill which should find ready favor in all our legislatures. Pledges in black and white are as awkward in legislative matters as in breach-of-promise suits. It is unfair to our poor, hard-working Solons to hamstring their promising faculties by putting them on record. They should be free to make as many different and conflicting pledges as the average hypocritical political campaign demands, and they should have ample opportunity to ignore any or all of the said pledges as soon as the coveted place of honor is attained.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Matter of Locality

Mr. Tom Wing, M.P. for the Houghton-le-Spring Division, tells a good story of an encounter with a private of the Wearside Brigade of Artillery.

"I hope they have made a man of you," said the genial M.P. to the private, and he received the reply:

"I will tell you what they have done. They have taken the hump off my back and put it on my chest, and it's now much easier to carry."—*Tit-Bits*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ADMIRER: Do you ever paint pictures in the nude?

ARTIST: Oh, hardly! I usually wear a working jacket.—*Yale Record*.

### A split of *White Rock* and a dash of lemon

a thirst quencher  
Mildly Alkaline



**The best doctor on earth is  
*Moderation.***

In every walk of life you will find the healthiest, brainiest men are ***Moderate men***—just the kind of men we want for customers.

That's why we make the mildest, mellowest, purest Whiskey on the market—for the ***Moderate man—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!***

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

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*The Utmost in Cigarettes*  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER Deities** to any other cigarette.

*Shaggyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



### Could Fill the Bill

He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.

—*The Medicine Man.*

## ROUND THE WORLD TOURS

The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO. Full information from CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



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EVERY TIME YOU SHOW  
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GATHER your friends together and "putter away" according to directions. When you reach the climax, you'll create an uproar most complimentary to your cleverness. Sent with booklets on Magic, 10c. Tricks and Jokes. . . . .

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the Very Moment  
of Their Start

THOSE who are "Sweet-  
est and Dearest" to you  
have pronounced them  
so! In eight beautifully de-  
signed boxes is found the most  
appealing assortment of

**PARK & TILFORD**  
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It is with best judgment and best taste  
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Chocolates will be selected by you.  
Every Confection we make contains  
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NEW YORK



## Club Cocktails

The introduction to the hospitable board can be  
achieved under no more auspicious circumstances  
than through the medium of Club Cocktails. It  
is the right start that portends a successful end.

Experts blend the choicest liquors, mix them to  
measure, age them to smoothness in the wood.

All varieties at your dealer's

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**

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Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce



"SEE HERE, SAM, SEEIN' I PLANNED DIS, I'D OUGHTER GIT  
DE MOST."  
"I DON'T SEE IT DAT WAY, MIKE. SUPPOSIN' WE LEAVE IT  
TO DE GENT?"

Parfum

Lilas  
de  
Rigaud

Home, August second;  
Dear Stuart:  
You could have  
paid me no more loving  
tribute than to say that  
the Rigaud Lilas you sent  
reminded you - in its  
fragrance - of me.  
It shall be my perfume  
always, dear - for its  
own sake, and yours.  
Yvonne

Send today for complimentary sample of this  
wonderful fragrance. Address—

**RIGAUD**

Dept. F

75 Barrow Street

New York

### Army and Navy Notes

IT is rumored that a benefit ball will soon be given in Washington for the wives and children of the few United States army officers still left, who have not yet resigned to go into the ammunition business.

The report has been gradually gaining ground that the navy will soon make a torpedo for its own use. In-

quiry at headquarters, however, only elicited the statement: "We have nothing to say."

Josephus Daniels, our popular teacher-secretary, had a large red apple put on his desk yesterday by some unknown admirer.

Another man joined our army yesterday. He gave as an excuse that he had been living in crowds all his life and wanted solitude.



## Install Electric Starting on Your Ford

**WESTINGHOUSE** Systems are specially designed for the Ford engine and synchronize perfectly.

They embody the same principles that have made Westinghouse Electric Systems so successful on many of the highest priced cars.

### Westinghouse Ford Systems Starting—Lighting—Ignition

No change required in engine. Silent chain drive to crank shaft. Simple connections. Durable construction. Battery, wiring, and all parts included.

Installations made complete at Westinghouse Sales-Service Stations and Agents listed herewith. Fill in the coupon and mail to any of these Sales-Service Stations or Agencies.

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Springfield, Mass.—Motor Parts Co.

### Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Automobile Equipment Department

Shadyside Works

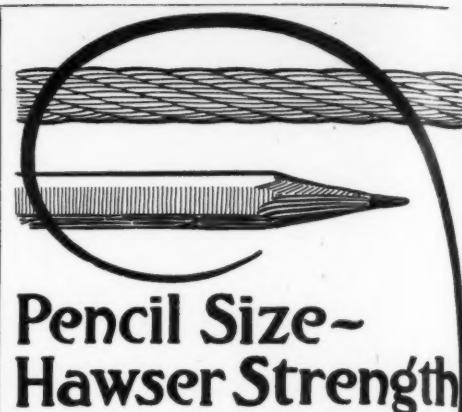
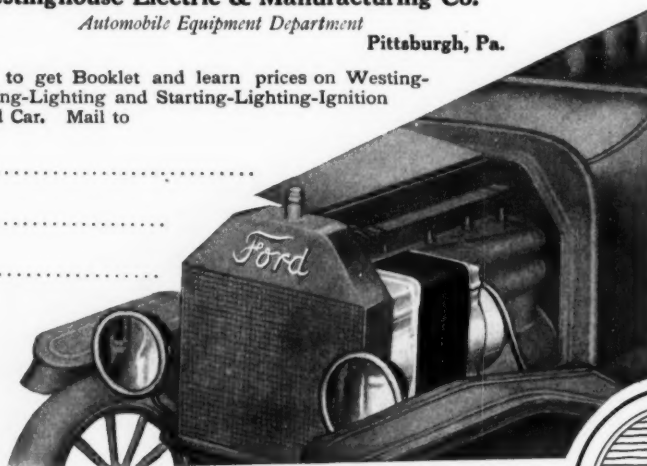
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I am interested to get Booklet and learn prices on Westinghouse Electric Starting-Lighting and Starting-Lighting-Ignition Systems for my Ford Car. Mail to

Name.....

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City.....



**BASLINE AUTOWLINE**—the "big-little" towing line for disabled automobiles—is small but mighty. Has the vim and grit of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope. About 25 feet long—4½ pounds weight. Hooks on with Patented Snaffle Hooks and Manila Slings without marring car. Goes under seat or cushion, ready for emergency towing. Sold by all dealers. Price, east of Rockies, \$3.95.

Insist on Baseline Autowline with the Patented Snaffle Hooks. **POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE** is the "big brother" of Baseline Autowline. Extra strong for heavy truck towing. Price, east of Rockies, \$6.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, order of us direct. **FREE: Illustrated Circulars. Write for them: BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. 809 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 780 Warren St. Makers of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope**



**BASLINE AUTOWLINE**

### Both Good Men, Probably

**MR. OSBORNE**, warden of Sing Sing, is a very valuable man to the prisons of New York. **Mr. Riley**, Superintendent of Prisons, may also be very valuable. We don't know much about him, but his picture looks as though he might be valuable, and what he has said about transferring prisoners sounds sensible enough.

Let us hope these two citizens, both presumably valuable, may get along together. The job on which they are both employed is big enough for more than two. If **Mr. Riley** can practice to keep **Mr. Osborne's** feet on the ground and **Mr. Osborne** to keep **Mr. Riley's** wagon hitched to a star, penology and philanthropy may be happily combined.

You can't go wrong if you take them along

**Evans' Ale and Nourishing Stout**  
Real and Ideal Joy Makers

Bottles and Splits. All Dealers. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



## Cornless Feet Are Very Common Now

A few years ago they were not. People pared corns and kept them. Or they used an inefficient treatment.

Then the **Blue-jay** plaster was invented. That ended corn pain instantly for everyone who used it. But it also gently undermined the corn, so in two days it all came out. And this without one bit of pain or soreness.

One told another about it, until millions came to use it. Now those people never keep a corn. As soon as one appears, they remove it.

We urge you to do that. Prove **Blue-jay** on one corn. If you hesitate, let us send you samples free. If the pain does stop—if the corn does go—think what it means to you. It means a lifetime without corns. Your own friends, by the dozens, probably, know that this is so.

## Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

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The Center of Business and Social Life of the Metropolis

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1000 OUTSIDE ROOMS

## Life's Short Story Contest

First Prize \$1000  
Second Prize 500  
Third Prize 250

*HOW short can a short story be and yet be a short story? LIFE would like to know. So would every writer, and, therefore, all writers are invited to join with LIFE in making a practical test.*

*LIFE invites contributions of original short stories. For the best ones received before noon of October 4, 1915, it will award three prizes—\$1,000, \$500 and \$250.*

### CONDITIONS

No story must exceed fifteen hundred words in length.

There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic; but jokes, anecdotes, epigrams or verses do not come within the scope of the contest.

All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in LIFE will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write.

To illustrate: if the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive \$140, or ten cents a word for the fourteen hundred words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story.

The stories will be published in LIFE as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis which has just been defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the \$1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner:

The Editors of LIFE will first select, out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will then be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. In case, for any reason, any one or more of these twelve authors should be unable to act as judge, then the contest will be decided by the rest.

Each of the judges will, of course, if he so wishes, vote for his own story first, so that the final result may probably be determined by the combined second, third and fourth choices of all the judges. This, however, will not affect the result. In case of a division among the judges, the Editors of LIFE will cast the deciding vote.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the last story has been published in LIFE. Of this there will be due notice. Manuscripts will be accepted from now on as fast as they can be read and passed upon.

In every case they should be addressed, "To the Editor of LIFE's Short Story Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City," and the author's name and address should be plainly written upon the manuscript, which should be accompanied by return postage in case of



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2

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rejection. The editors will exercise due care in returning unavailable contributions, but will not hold themselves responsible for loss. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies.

All manuscripts must be at LIFE office by noon of Monday, October 4, 1915. No manuscript received after that date will be considered. Each contestant may send in as many manuscripts as he desires.

If any of the rules of this contest are violated the Editors of LIFE reserve the right to debar the contributions.

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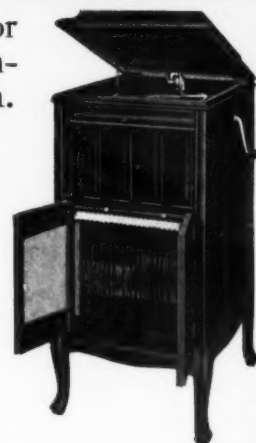
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